



nancy_wheeler

...



130 likes

nancy_wheeler crafternooon with some dork

An Instagram Instance by helpmeimstuckon

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Ambiguous Relationship, F/M, Fluff, Jon has an Instagram he never uses, Teasing, can be read as platonic, edits made by me, shouldn't be but can be, teeth rotting fluff, that was the whole idea

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Other Characters Mentioned

Relationships: Jonathan Byers & Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/ Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-03-23

Updated: 2017-03-23

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:27:50

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 568

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

"I have ten followers, and one of them is the school paper, so that doesn't count.

Nancy reached across the spread of take out boxes, plucking his phone from his hand. "How many people are you following?" She asked, horrified when her eyes locked on the number. "How are you only following three people? How?"

An Instagram Instance

Author's Note:

Inspired by these photos from Charlie Heaton and Natalia Dyer's Instagrams

"What is the point of having an instagram and being a photographer if you never post anything." She's waving chopsticks about and opening containers. He wonders how she can look so delicate and so strong at once. He realizes it's probably because she's wearing a sweater and bickering with him. He couldn't help but love these moments, when they were tucked away, when he could let his guard down a bit, just enough to bicker back.

"What's the point of publishing photos that only a handful of people are going to see?" He replied, leaning back into the nest of pillows she's built. He finished sent off a text to his mom, telling her he and Will would eat at the Wheelers, then opened the offending app. "I only have... uh-" Jon fiddled with the interface, managing to clear the notification from the photo of the beaded bracelet, now on her wrist, that Nancy had posted earlier. He made it to his profile with a self satisfied huff, making a mental note to tell Steve he's wrong about his still level with his own phone. He scanned the screen, then continued his sentence. "I have ten followers, and one of them is the school paper, so that doesn't count.

Nancy reached across the spread of take out boxes, plucking his phone from his hand. "How many people are *you* following?" She asked, horrified when her eyes locked on the number. "How are you only following three people? *How?*"

Jon retrieved his phone with a scoff. "I don't care that much, Nance."

"Who are you following then?" She asked, brow furrowed, trying to remember if he'd ever followed her back, but the blush that rose to his cheeks was answer enough.

He fiddled with his phone pretending to be confused with something on the screen, instead of answering her question, which earned him a

few pieces of rice flicked his way. “Hey!” He replied, looking up. At her raised eyebrows he sighed. “Mom, Will, and you. Who else would I follow?”

“Oh come on.” Nancy replied, reaching to spoon some fried rice onto her plate. “You really need to follow Steve back. He’s been complaining for weeks. Since I made your Instagram, really.”

“I’ll follow him when he stops posting stupid shit.” Jon quietly opened his camera app as Nancy sighed. “Plus, it’s so fun to torture him about it.” Nancy’s shoulders squared, her head listing out of frame like he knew it would at his bait. As she started off on a lecture about being nice to Steve he snapped the photo, a smile pulling at the corner of his lips.

“... really he’s been so great about everything. You don’t have to torture the poor guy. He’s one of three people who you actually consider a friend-” Nancy’s phone chirped out a notification, interrupting her rant. She glanced at the phone, sighing about how it was probably her mom, but a smile bloomed on her lips when she saw what it was; ‘jon_byers has tagged you in a post on instagram,’

Nancy picked up the device shooting him a look, that he had to suppress a laugh at, opting to take a bite of Chow Mein instead of meeting her eye.

“Well,” She sighed, double tapping and hitting the share button for twitter. “Your captioning could use some work.”

That earned her a flick of rice in return.



nancy_wheeler

...



• 130 likes

nancy_wheeler crafternooon with some dork



jon_byers

...



127 likes

jon_byers yum!